

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our person,
There's such diuinitie doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peepe to what it would,
And 'twill little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incens'd, let him goe *Gertrard*.
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demaund his fill.

Laer. How came he dead, I'll not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest deuill,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'll be reueng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes I'll husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere Father, I'll writin your tenenge,
That soopstake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

Laer. None but his enemies,

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most senciably in griefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your iudgement pearce
As day dooes to your eye.

A noyse within.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now, what noyse is that?

Prince of Denmark

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares sea
Burne out the sence and vertue of mine
By heauen thy madnes shall be payd vnto
Tell our scale turne the beame. O Rosencrance
Deere mayd, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*
O heauens, ist possible a young maids
Should be as mortall as a poore mans?

Oph. They bore him bare-facie on
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst know
It could not mooue thus.

Oph. You must sing a downe a downe
And you call him a downe a. O how
It is the false Steward that stole his Master's life.

Laer. This nothing's more then nothing.

Oph. There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance,
and there is Pancies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, that's for me.

Oph. There's Fennill for you, and there's
you, & heere's some for me, we may
you may weare your Rewe with a diadem,
give you some Violets, but they wither
they say a made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, pangs
She turnes to saueur and to prettiness.

Oph. And wil a not come againe,

And wil a not come againe,

No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death.

He neuer will come againe.

His beard was as white as snow,

Flaxen was his pole,

He is gone, he is gone, and we call this
God a mercy on his soule, and of all
God buy you.

Laer. Doe you this o God.

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with you,
Or you deny me right, goe but apaine.